

## APPROACH SHOTS.

“The question of municipal golf—the providing of it where there is none, and the improvement of it where it exists—is being made a big feature at several of the elections in Scotland.”—*Golf Illustrated*.]

## 1. From a speech by the Rt. Hon. A. J. B.

“accused of considerable, and even intentional, ambiguity. Gentlemen, on the eve of an election, I admit that frankness on so vital an issue may well be demanded from the leader of a party. But, indeed, I have never made any secret of my opinion on this important matter—the question, as I need scarcely add, of the desirability or otherwise of protecting the greens with artificial bunkers. (Hear, hear.) But, since my opponents are incapable, or feign incapability, of understanding my previous utterances on this question—pellucid as I should have imagined them to be—I will restate them once more, in the clearest, the shortest, the most emphatic language at my command. (Applause.) On the one hand, we have the belief freely expressed that any but natural hazards disfigure a golf course. The truth of that sentiment appears to me indubitable. (Cheers.) On the other hand, there are those who assert that, unless you make artificial hazards, the scores returned will be far below their proper total. With that opinion, Gentlemen, I sympathise to the fullest extent. (Cheers.) And now at last, as I hope, I have made it impossible for the least scrupulous of my opponents to accuse me of ambiguity on this great, this tremendous question.” (Loud and continued cheers.)

## 2. From a speech by the Rt. Hon. J. C.

“Well, we will turn to figures.

What do we find? In the south-eastern portion of England, the average monthly return in competitions is 85. The average bogey score—mark this—is but 84! Yes, Gentlemen, here is the state of things—your average is reduced to within one stroke of bogey—and yet there are besotted intellects which shrink from facing facts, and object to my

## 3. From a speech by Mr. W-nst-n Ch-rch-l.

“a more pitiful set of foozlers never disgraced the land! When they do not pull their drives, they slice them. When they do not top their iron-shots, they miss them clean—the only clean feature about these gentlemen! (Loud laughter.) In fact,

to describe the insufferable ineptitude of their pseudo-athletic performances aright, the exigencies of accurate terminology compel me to classify such persons as the most piffling set of rotters I've ever struck. (Renewed laughter.) And yet these, Gentlemen, *these* are the creatures who declare that the average golf-course is too easy, and propose to make their abominable bunkers, to desecrate the gracious grass with the sacrilegious spade!”

## 4. From the correspondence column of “The Spectator.”

Sir,—I venture to suggest that—

We greatly regret that pressure upon our space forbids us to print the remaining portion of our esteemed correspondent's letter. But whether TAYLOR's opinion on the deflection of iron shots can be accepted without some considerable reservation is, obviously, a disputable point. It is approximately certain that the distance from

tee to green in the case of the penultimate hole varies greatly on different courses. We are mindful, however, of HAZD's performances, and, while convinced of the soundness of our own view, we shall continue to afford those who, like our correspondent, hold other opinions, every opportunity of expressing their sentiments in the columns of this journal.—ED. *Spectator*.]



“No, no. I DON'T WANT THESE COMMON ONES. THEY'RE NOT FOR A PRESENT, YOU KNOW. THEY'RE FOR MYSELF!”

## LEST YOU REMEMBER.

[To be sung in recitative by *Tory waits outside the banqueting-hall of the New Ministry.*]

Now sit ye close about the festal board,  
And of the turkey's stuffing take your share;  
Let every face with absolute accord  
Glow in the spicy pudding's brandied flare,  
And each his hand apply  
And seize a plum and say, "How good a boy am I!"

Now, while your jesters fling their final sneer  
At captive warriors and a broken cause,  
And scarce acknowledge, save with burning ear,  
The gallant foeman's chivalrous applause—  
Upstand on all your legs  
And drain a Liberal bumper, drain it to the dregs!

Drink to the hour that is, and shout *Waes hael!*  
And let no man too curiously forecast  
The doubtful vista hid behind the veil,  
Nor draw its safety-curtain from the past,  
Lest haply he should jog  
Thoughts that are best left lying like a dormant dog.

Lest you remember how your victory came,  
How battlements that long defied your wit  
Fell not by patient siege, or sword and flame,  
But owing to a sad internal split;  
So were the gates flung wide,  
And you were asked if you would kindly step inside.

Lest you remember certain awkward facts  
Let drop in many a too-expansive speech,—  
Immutable committals, solemn pacts,  
Private and contradictory each to each;  
And how on every pledge  
This clique or that will ultimately have to hedge.

Here's one that's sworn to run at REDMOND's heel,  
And there another, bound by equal oaths  
To have no hand in any Home Rule deal,  
Or wink at what his loyal nature loathes;  
Surely between these two  
I may detect a slight divergency of view?

Here's one again that marks with angered eyes  
"Our Chinese brothers" wearing "slavery's brand,"  
Or takes an all-black attitude and cries  
"Whip me yon yellow devils off the Rand!"  
While others disagree,  
Saying, "They're neither slaves nor devils; let 'em be!"

This type's a King's man; that's a frank pro-Boer;  
And some are Liberals born, and others made  
Such by desertion. Here's a Scot's claymore  
That has *Retrenchment* chiselled on the blade,  
While BURNS (of England) gloats  
Over the damnable expense of paddle-boats.

Therefore, lest you remember facts like these,  
Feast while you may, and take a cheerful tone;  
Soon you will sit not quite so much at ease,  
Eating your winged words, each man his own,—  
Tough fowls that you have loosed,  
Which have a horrid knack of coming home to roost.

## THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.

BY A-DR-W C-RE-0-E.

[Dedicated to Miss MARIE CORELLI, author of an article on "The Sorrows of a Millionaire," in *The Daily Mail.*]

THERE are some people in this world who actually envy men, and even women of literary genius. I wonder why? How can anyone possessed of a modest competence, with a seat in a Free Library, and entertaining sound democratic sentiments, envy the merely "talented" man, or woman?

To me the genius, especially the romantic genius, is an object of sincere compassion. His popularity is a perpetual incentive to pot-boiling. He is the slave of fashion. He is at the mercy of unscrupulous critics, reviewers, and ink-slingers, of vulgar lion- and lioness-hunters, photographic friends, interviewers and paragraph-mongers. He (or she) cannot rely upon friendship, for he (or she) always suspects friends of ulterior designs—generally matrimonial. Indeed I know of one extraordinarily gifted authoress who receives on an average 500 offers of marriage in the week, and is still unmarried from the utter impossibility of choosing out of this bewildering *embarras de richesses*.

Again, the literary celebrity, pursued by the unrelenting purveyors of personal details, cannot escape the devastating penalties of success. Isolation, privacy, and repose are impossible. She (if he be a she) is forced by the obligations of greatness to live in the limelight of publicity, to enter the controversial lists at the shortest notice, and fight to the death with rival authors; to champion the fame of the mighty authors of the past against the insidious attacks of acid pedants and pedagogues, unprincipled town councillors and greedy jerry-builders. Then there is the ceaseless strain of bearing aloft the banner of the Simple Life against the combined forces of Mammon and Gastronomy—against the delirious devotees of the gold craze and the porcine worshippers of appetite. It is a terrible responsibility, and there is no respite or relief in the struggle. Genius is ever the victim of jealousy, misrepresentation, and spite, ever bound to be on guard against the onslaughts of brutal and insufferable millionaires.

Again, the rewards of genius, though appreciably larger than in previous epochs, are still pitifully insignificant alongside of the accumulations of the magnates of the mercantile world. I am afraid that MILTON, if he were to revisit the world, would be quite unable to dine night after night at the Carlton, and that SHAKESPEARE, if he were now residing at Stratford-on-Avon, would not find himself in a position to keep a reliable motor-car or to entertain Mr. SIDNEY LEE and Miss CORELLI in a manner worthy of his guests. Of course there are exceptions, and Greeba easily outshines Skibo. But the rule remains—the lot of genius is hard and toilsome. To quote from a personal experience, I once went to a musical reception at the house of a certain latterday *Mrs. Leo Hunter*. The greatest living woman of letters had entered just before me, and was met on the stairs by a lady interviewer, who greeted her with a suave yet sinister grin. "So glad to meet you here!" she said. "Mrs. Z—— gives most delightful parties! And she has so much influence,—she will speak of your books to so many people." That was quite enough for the affronted genius. Promptly realising the view taken of what she had thought to be merely a courteous response to a friendly invitation, she quickly slipped away from the festive scene, and never darkened the doors of that "influential" house again with her dainty, ethereal shadow. Too proud, you will say? Oh, no! But proud enough to hold the profession of literature as too high for the "patronage" of any lesser power than the universal Public.



### GETTING TO WORK.

THE RIGHT HON. J-HN B-RNS. "I CAN TAKE OFF THIS COAT JUST AS WELL AS ANY OTHER."



## THE FINAL STAVE OF "A CHRISTMAS CAROL."

(With profound apologies to the Genius of Charles Dickens.)

## STAVE FIVE.

SCROOGE was certainly under the impression, on going to bed after returning from that wonderful Christmas party at his nephew's, that he would not be required to have any further intercourse with Spirits, and would live henceforth on the Total Abstinence Principle.

But in this he was mistaken. There was no doubt about that. For barely, or so it seemed to him, had he laid his head on his pillow, when the curtains of his bed were once more drawn aside by a spectral hand.

However, on this occasion, he felt no solemn dread. Not a bit of it! On the contrary, he skipped out of bed as lively as a sandboy—or rather several dozen sandboys, every one of them endowed with preternatural agility.

"I know what *you* 're here for," he chuckled. "Come to take me out to some *more* Christmas Parties, eh? All right, I'm ready for you. I feel equal to facing any number of them *now*!"

"I am the Ghost of Christmas more than sixty years to come," announced the Spirit in sepulchral tones.

"My dear Sir," said SCROOGE heartily, "delighted to see you—de-lighted! Thank'ee. Let us be off at once. Do we go out of the window, or through the wall, this time? Whichever it is, Spirit, lead on, and I shall be most happy to follow you anywhere you like!"

"Touch my robe!"

SCROOGE did as he was told, and held it fast. The city had entirely vanished; they stood upon an open country road, before some tall wrought-iron gates, flanked by pillars, upon which a pair of heraldic griffins ramped—but amiably, as if even their stone hearts were softened somewhat by the influence of the Season. Through these gates they passed, and up a stately avenue to the portico of a noble mansion.

"One of the country seats of Lord BREDANBOURNE," the Ghost explained.

"But why bring *me* to such a place, Spirit?" asked SCROOGE, feeling slightly puzzled. "For really I can't recollect ever to have heard of his lordship."

"Have you so soon forgotten your fellow 'prentice, DICK WILKINS?" inquired the Spirit. "He married, as you are doubtless aware, the eldest Miss FEZZIWIG, and died Sir RICHARD WILKINS, having been knighted during his Lord Mayoralty by His Gracious Majesty, King WILLIAM THE FOURTH."

"So he was," cried SCROOGE. "Bless his heart! So he was! Dear, dear! And yet, even now, I don't quite—"

"His son, GABRIEL," pursued the Phantom (who, by the way, was less reserved than any of its forerunners) "developed the warehousing connection of the firm of FEZZIWIG & WILKINS to such a prodigious extent that he eventually became a

Baronet. The second Baronet, Sir PEVISH, in return for important services rendered to his party, was raised to the Peerage under the title of Baron BREDANBOURNE."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed SCROOGE, rather impressed, "what services, Spirit?"

But the Phantom answered not. It is very possible that it did not know.

"The Lord BREDANBOURNE of the period we are now in," it continued, "does nothing whatever but enjoy himself. He is at this particular moment entertaining a houseful of the smartest people in London for Christmas week."

"Is he, though?" cried SCROOGE, rubbing his hands with the delight of a boy. "What a feast he must be giving them, eh, Spirit? What a capital Turkey! What a wonderful Pudding! What bowls of seething Bishop! What pyramids of oranges and piles of chestnuts! Do let us go inside and

look on, Spirit! Just for an hour or so!"

"I fancy they will have finished feasting by this time," said the Spirit. "We shall probably find them all in the Long Drawing-room, playing—"

"Forfeits, I'll be bound!" said SCROOGE, eagerly. "Oh, I must go in, and see the fun! Make haste, Spirit, make haste! Hallo here! Whoop!"

Unseen by any there, they entered that lofty and splendid room—but scarce had they done so, ere SCROOGE's heart grew strangely chill within him.

The walls were decked with Christmas here and there, but yet resounded to no echoing ring of joyous Christmas laughter. SCROOGE noted next that all these guests who sat, in groups of four, at little tables were so deep engrossed in studying the cards that fell—in such a solemn silence, too!—that they were blind and deaf to aught besides, unheeding holly—aye, and mistletoe! From time to time a hollow voice would

cry, "I leave it!" Or one would quit his seat and wander around, like some uneasy soul that finds no rest, and then return, as powerless to resist the spell for long! Young girls there were, who, risking stakes that they could ill afford, doubled "No trumps," and paled as Dummy's hand, displayed, revealed the guarded King that doomed them to inevitable disaster!

"I suppose, Spirit," said SCROOGE, "they'll have in the fiddles and begin to *enjoy* themselves presently, eh? They can't keep up this sort of thing *much* longer! can they?"

"They *are* enjoying themselves," replied the Phantom. "And they will keep it up till one or two in the morning, at least."

"Then I don't wish to see any more," said SCROOGE. "Remove me, Spirit. Let me see my dear nephew's descendants keeping up this Festival in the time-honoured fashion with 'How, when, and where,' and 'Blind-man's buff.'

Back to the town the Spirit led him next, and to a fine house in a terrace hard by the spot where Tyburn Tree once



1879 with a pipe and a dog to back.

bore its ghastly fruit. There might have been a dozen people, old and young, in the solidly furnished drawing-room SCROOGE and the Spirit visited next—but not one among them all was engaged in blind-man's buff! He saw the same small tables, with similar unsmiling parties of four seated at each—the very silence might have been the same! In one group SCROOGE particularly noticed a grim hatchet-faced elderly gentleman who somehow rather reminded him of his former self. "Your great-nephew, Mr. Justice MERRYWEATHER," explained the Phantom; "he is more learned, though perhaps slightly less genial, than his Early-Victorian father. That pallid young gentleman whose play he is just criticising with such refreshing candour is *his* great-nephew by marriage, young TOPPER, who has lately been called to the Bar, and has a case—his first brief—coming on in his relative's court early next Hilary term. He has just remembered that circumstance."

"Spirit, show me no more!" entreated SCROOGE, "I cannot bear it. In mercy's name take me from this hideous travesty of Christmas cheer to some humbler home, where all the dear old customs are not quite forgot! Let us drop in upon the descendants of my worthy clerk, BOB CRATCHIT! For I tell you plainly, unless I smell roast goose and hot punch, and hear a toast proposed, if not a song, within the next few minutes, I have a feeling that I might relapse into the man that I was wont to be!"

The Phantom inclined its head . . . Their way led them past a row of spacious shops, above which SCROOGE could read, in bold and glittering letters, the words, "Cratchit's Cash Stores, Limited."

"Yes," remarked the Spirit airily, "the CRATCHITS have got on, too. The business is vastly improved since old PETER CRATCHIT first founded it in the early sixties. . . . No, the present people don't live over the shop; they occupy a villa residence called 'Chatsworth,' in a new but highly select suburb, where they are known as the 'DE CRESPIGNY-CRATCHITS.'"

To this suburb they repaired. But, as SCROOGE passed through the stained-glass portal, his nostrils were not greeted by the savour for which he hungered, Mrs. DE CRESPIGNY-CRATCHIT being much too refined a woman to allow a roast goose to appear at *her* table, whether with or without such ungenteel appurtenances as sage and onions.

The party he found in the "Art" Drawing-room to the right of the hall were all in the most correct evening costume, and far too fashionable to be festive. They passed no punch around, proposed no toasts, nor sang a single song. On the contrary, they were engaged in precisely the same occupation as were the two parties at which SCROOGE had previously assisted.

"Spirit, I can't stand it!" cried SCROOGE. "In Heaven's name, what is this fell pursuit that, in the space of sixty-odd short years, will banish harmless mirth and jollity from every hearth alike?" . . . "They will call it 'Bridge,'" the Spirit answered.

"Ghost of the Future," cried SCROOGE, quite agonised, "I fear you more than any Spectre I have seen! You seem to delight to torture me! If there is any respectable home in the town on which this fearful blight has not yet fallen, show that home to me, Spirit, I beseech you!"

"I cannot do so," was the Phantom's sorrowful reply, "for I know of none!"

"Then, for the love of Pity," SCROOGE implored it, "conduct me back to bed—and let me wake, to feel all this is but a dreadful dream!"

This time his prayer was granted. . . . He positively friaked out of bed next morning. "Why, bless me, it's Boxing Day!" he shouted. "What ridiculous nonsense I've been dreaming! Christmas blighted, indeed! And by a thing called 'Bridge,' too! Pooh!! Stuff!!! That punch at my nephew's last night must have been stronger than I fancied!" F. A.

### SCENT PER SCENT.

A TERRIBLE danger threatens the noble and national sport of Fox-hunting; a danger hitherto unseen, or perhaps we should say unsmeled. And yet how heedlessly we have ridden in its very midst, reeking—we mean recking—nought of the potent evil lurking among us. Then, suddenly, forth bursts the warning in the daily Press. Hark to the prophet of *The Daily Telegraph*. In solemn type that cannot lie he tells of "the mischief caused—particularly when a cast is being made down-wind of the field—by an atmosphere laden with the scent of countless fragrant cigars, and with the varied pungent perfumes emanating (delicate word) from many feminine handkerchiefs." Here, then, is the deadly secret.

Masters, who mop your puzzled brows when the keenest nose in the kennel scours the plain in vain—huntsmen, whose commentaries, not loud but deep, have blanched the cheeks of youthful second whips, when your most cunning casts went unrewarded—know, suffering souls, that all the mischief lies in baccy and bouquet.

What can be done? The strongest varmint fox is whiffless among such redolent rivals. Even the good red herring, the prey of the furious fish-dogs, must pale his ineffectual fumes before these powers of stamped box and stoppered bottle; he is not worth a red scent.

Alas! what disaster do we see before us! Each hound, in time, will run a particular label, and refuse all imitations. By natural selection the lady hounds will speak to the dainty perfumes of the *mouchoiresses*, whilst the sterner sex will give tongue to the rank and vile of the cigar brigade. Then, as the peculiar *penchant* of each of the pack becomes known to their keen-nosed huntsman, every hound, to save confusion, will of course be named after his or her favourite smoke or smell.

Mournful, indeed, to those who have loved the accustomed sounds of the chase (especially if non-smokers) will be the day when our woodlands echo to the cry of "Tally-ho, Bock!" or "Have-a-care, Borneodoro!" A crack of the whip and a "Gently, Jockey-Club," to some eager queen of the kennel will at first fall strangely on the ear, whilst a cheery "Hark to Eau-de-Cologne" answers a well-known note in the whines, proclaiming that the unerring nose has winded its own triple-extract.

And when, at some future revelry by night, the sounds of music rend the odorous air, shall we recognise an old, old tune through these balmy words?

"Yes, I ken Henry Clay, and Auld Reekie too,  
Ranker, 'Rose Royale,' and Smellman so true;  
From the fag to the case, from the case to the 'phew!'  
From the 'phew!' to the ash in the morning."





## BREAKING IT GENTLY.

*Passer-by.* "IS THAT YOUR PORK DOWN THERE ON THE ROAD, GUV'NOR?"

*Farmer.* "PORK! WHAT D'YE MEAN? THERE'S A PIG O' MINE OUT THERE."

*Passer-by.* "AH, BUT THERE'S A MOTOR-CAR JUST BEEN BY."

## COLD COBFORT.

(*Sobe Adti-Rheub Bethods.*)

[Medical experts, according to *The Daily Mail*, are calling the attention of the public to the importance of performing the nose-blowing operation in a scientific and hygienic manner. First one nostril and then the other should be blown without undue violence, otherwise the compressed air and the microbes may be driven through the Eustachian tube into the middle ear with serious results. It appears, indeed, that a great authority on the subject used to forbid his patients to blow their noses when suffering from a cold.]

BISTER PUNCH, havigg beed recently laid up with this seasodable but distress-  
igg ailbedt, has a bore tedder feeligg for hubad weakless, add is accordiggly boved to frabe the followigg sibple regulatioids for sibilar idvalids:—

1. First catch your catarrh.
2. Dod't let it develop idto idfluedza, as this is dow udfashiodable—deuralgia is a buch bore sbart cobplaidt.
3. Avoid usiigg ady words which cod-  
taid the codsodads "ebb" or "edd";

this becobes sobewhat tryigg add tire-  
sobe to your fabily add frieds.

4. Refraid frob cobparigg your dose to *Charley's Audit*, because it is "still ruddigg."

5. Take probplly sobe correspoddedce lessods in *Sciedtific Dose-blowigg*, but you deed'd do it id the *Agody Colubds* of *The Tibes*, *The Daily Bail*, or *The Bordigg Post*.

6. Give up sdiffigg, sduffigg, sdoozigg, sdceirigg, sdorigg, sdarligg, sdigerigg, sdveligg, sdortigg, sduffigg, add sdeezigg—that is, if you *cad*!

7. Shoke the stroggest tobacco you cad fidd—it will shother the bicrobes add seodd igquisitive (add huborous) acquaidtadce to a safe distadce.

8. Practise abbidexterity id puttigg your figgers add thubbs to your dose—first ebploy the right hadd, thed the left, until proficietd. You cad thus cobe out as ad edtertaider add bake a lot of bodey.

9. Dod't let your bedical bad gabbed you by calligg it a "coryza." You bight hidt to hib that the lagguage of *The*

*Ladet* is very idterestigg, do doubt, to the gederal practitioder, but the ordinary iddividual dowadays is dot to be taked id by the blessed word "Besopotabia."

10. Whed you have fidished with your cold, or sooder, be sure to pass it od with idterest. Jourdey, therefore, persistedly add ofted id obdibusess add uddergroudd traids, add thus origidate, *a la* sdowball, a regular Loddod epidebic.

*Br. Pudeh*, as will be seed above, has dot edlarged od the less robadic, though hygiedic, details of dostril add haggerchief drill. He hopes, devertheless, that these few elebedtary baxiba will, if duly copplied with, codduce to a Berry Christbas add a Birthful Dew Year abogg his budy fellow-bartyrs of the Egglish clibate—Er-tish-oo!

ZIG-ZAG.

"HASTA MAÑANA."—A new newspaper has been recently started in Paris, entitld *Demain*. Not very happy this for subscribers at a distance, as *Demain n'arrive jamais*.

## NATURE STUDIES.

## CHRISTMAS BIRDS.

THERE is a great gathering of birds every morning now in the bare trees and bushes close to the house, for they know that as soon as breakfast is over some one will step out either from the front door or from one of the French windows on the other side of the house and scatter crumbs for them. The uncertainty as to the spot at which the ceremony will take place keeps them in a fine flutter. I can imagine the sparrows (who, if all accounts may be trusted, have all the vices of men with some particular feathered wickednesses in addition) laying the odds to the solemn rooks or the fancy-waistcoated thrushes with a shrill "Six to four the front-drive!" or "Two to one the back-lawn," and being occasionally taken, let us say, in bread-crumbs or fragments of toast, while the robins, those dainty bird-aristocrats, hop about in disdainful aloofness from the busy throng of little chatters. At last, however, when the suspense is becoming almost too great for chirps, the door (or, it may be, the window) opens, and out steps the little fair-haired distributor of largess. Then what a flutter there is to be in good time. The air is alive with excited wings, and all the twigs of vantage become thick with birds. They are, however, too cautious to descend to the ground until the scattering is finished and the human being removes herself within the house.

In London streets, where the traffic is frequent and the pedestrians innumerable, you will see the sparrows, grown contemptuous with a long familiarity, hardly deign to hop aside when a horse or a man comes upon them; but here in the country their native wildness still maintains itself, and it is difficult to coax them to leave their branches until you have withdrawn yourself from their gaze. But when once that is done they waste no time. Down come the sparrows in their swarms, impudent companies of sturdy little fighters, each one intent both on filling his own gullet and preventing his companion from getting his or her fair share. There is no nonsense of gallantry about a sparrow. If he sees a tiny hen of his breed struggling with a crust of bread as large as her body he is down upon her in a moment, thrusts her furiously aside, lifts the crust in his beak, rises with it (an incredible feat) in the air, and abandons his prey only when three other sparrow-raiders pounce upon him and dispossess him.

In the meantime there has come an incursion of starlings. They arrive with an extraordinary bustle and quickness, determined not to be too late for the feast, and at once begin waddling swiftly to the best bits, their funny bob-tailed bodies simply quivering with excitement. They make no bones at all about shouldering the sparrows aside, and the quarrelsome little fellows seem to respect their size and their gluttony, though I doubt not they make many a sarcastic remark about their awkward gait, so different from the sparrow's graceful rhythmical hop. Two or three blackbirds, gaudy with their yellow bills, and a few thrushes add themselves to the meeting, and here and there a stray robin pecks with dignity on the outskirts. A gentler looking, softer bird than the robin does not fly, but you should see the little beggar when a sparrow really gets in his way. With a rush as swift as the flight of an arrow he scatters the enemy and secures what he wants. If I were a sparrow I should certainly keep my distance from a robin, and guard myself against being betrayed by his blushing breast and his liquid eye into any false notions about his fighting quality.

During all this time three gigantic rooks—gigantic, that is to say, by comparison with the industrious swarm of little birds below—have been perched in observation on the tops of some young poplars. You would think that a bird so black and so portentously beaked could not help being brave, but he certainly is not. On the contrary he is as timid as a fawn, and it is a ludicrous sight to watch him trying to make up

his mind for a swoop on a tempting crust, half letting go of his perch, then convulsively clutching and flapping himself back again into security, looking nervously to right and left, and then at last deciding on the dreadful venture and launching himself downward. He too is a waddler, more ungainly than the starling, since there is more of him to waddle, and he has an absurd false air of dignity and dauntlessness as he stalks at his selected crust, seizes it, and makes off with it to his tree. None of the little birds pays the least attention to him. He is a wasteful mischievous bird, but I can't help pitying him, for his looks belie him so largely, and he is obviously so greatly terrified of men.

The gardener shakes his head over the daily bird-feast, and prophesies that we shall have no fruit next year if the thieves are thus encouraged; but he prophesied the same gloomy things last year and many years before, and in spite of his warnings we have not done so badly. At any rate I cannot find it in my heart to refuse my surplus crumbs to these merry, comfortable little folk. A garden without birds would be sadder than a garden without fruit—but on this point I cannot hope that the gardener will agree with me.

MORE DREAM CORRESPONDENCE;  
OR, "LETTERS THAT NEVER REACHED THEM."

## I.

(From Mr. Brodrick to Lord Curzon.)

MY DEAR CURZON,—I am extremely sorry that I was unavoidably prevented from going to Charing Cross to welcome you on your return to London, though I need hardly add that I was better employed elsewhere. But it has always been a rule with me never to allow personal predilections to interfere with the discharge of public duty, and I had a long-standing engagement to open a Primrose League Bazaar on the same day. The news of the collapse of the station roof next day gave me quite a shock. Just think what it would have meant for the Empire if it had happened twenty-four hours earlier and I had been there! However, all's well that ends well. Yours very sincerely,

W. ST. JOHN BRODRICK.

## II.

(From Mr. Balfour to M. Ritz.)

DEAR SIR,—It is at once my privilege and duty to inform you that it is the intention of the KING to confer upon you the honour of a dukedom in recognition of the services which you have rendered the country in connection with dietetic reform amongst the governing classes. Malnutrition is at the root of the physical deterioration of the nation, but none of those who frequent the splendid establishments of which you are the presiding genius has ever complained of being inadequately nourished. You will, I trust, allow me to congratulate you on your well-deserved honour, and to felicitate the House of Lords on a recruit whose aim has always been to reconcile parties on the common platform of gastronomy.

I am, &c., yours faithfully,

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

## III.

(From Sir Lewis Morris to Mr. Alfred Austin.)

DEAR MR. AUSTIN,—Hastily glancing at the new Honour List this morning I caught the name ALFRED, and at once jumped to the conclusion that you had been elevated to the peerage. Closer scrutiny, however, revealed the fact that the honour had been bestowed, not upon you, but upon another person with the same Christian name. Still I thought it only right to let you know of my mistake, as an indication of the friendly feeling, irrespective of our political divergence, entertained for a brother bard by

Yours faithfully, LEWIS MORRIS.

## A RECORD MOVE.

[Mr. BALFOUR removed his goods from Downing Street in a motor-car.]

OTHERS may plan their moves by van  
With slow and careful art;  
Who flits by night may expedite  
His progress with a cart;  
I that am flying from durance vile,  
I that have crossed the Bar,  
Manage the thing in a bolder style—  
Move in a motor-car.

Then, chauffeur, go, and to and fro  
Your frequent course begin;  
You need not wait for straw and crate  
To pack my chattels in.  
What does it matter if things go wrong?  
"Tisn't the point just now;  
Damage them, lose them, but bring them  
along—  
Shove them in anyhow!

If you exceed the legal —  
If peelers take your name,  
It shall be mine to pay the fine,  
And bear the public shame.  
Things at the bottom no doubt may  
break;  
Those at the top may fall;  
Never you mind—but for dear life's sake,  
Put on the pace—that's all!

For now at last my toils are past,  
Now have I won release,  
And with resigned and equal mind  
Possess my soul in peace.  
Now there are others to work the wheel,  
Ready to take their turn,  
Let me get out of it—let me feel  
Clear of the whole concern.

Then, chauffeur, fly, your courses ply  
With all the speed you may,  
And get my chattels out of that  
Before the close of day.  
Tell me as soon as the job's complete—  
I shall feel easy then;  
I shall forget about Downing Street—  
\* \* \* \* \*

Praise to the gods! Amen!

DUM-DUM.

## PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Colonial Office is becoming the preserve of those who bear names distinguished in national pastimes. Mr. LYTTELTON, once a great cricketer, resigns in favour of Lord ELGIN, whose name is closely associated with Marbles.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN too, it will be recollect, played the well-known game known as "his own."

It is earnestly hoped by Mr. ROBERT SPENCER that the announcement that he has been appointed Lord Chamberlain will finally remove the impression that he is an agricultural labourer.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is stated to have encountered considerable difficulty, when making up his Ministry,



## POPULARITY.

Bishop (to little visitor, who has asked him to sign post-card portrait of himself). "BUT—ER—SURELY, I SIGNED ONE FOR YOU THE OTHER DAY?"

Little Visitor. "YES; BUT I SWAPPED YOU FOR TWO NEW ZEALANDERS, YOU KNOW!"

in overcoming the scruples of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL as to his fitness for office.

To what lengths some editors are prepared to go in their craze for originality is evidenced by the fact that one London daily paper tried to make itself conspicuous by omitting to state that Mr. JOHN BURNS, when attending at Buckingham Palace, wore a bowler hat.

ACCORDING to *The Globe* "the President of the Republic ought to be elected by open vote and not by the ballot." We have nothing but praise for this sentiment, which seems to us to be based upon sound morality.

## A Hardy Annual.

THE MONSTER CHRISTMAS CAKE.  
It is 54 years since —'s Christmas Cake was first placed on the Market.

*Dundee Advertiser.*

Will no one take this cake?

FROM the — Library's free book of illustrations and extracts:—

"Each article in the — Library is quite complete in itself. Wherever it has been thought advisable in other cases to take the best part of the book only, the part taken is always the best part of the book."

As the poet says, "We needs must lift the highest when we see it." The difficulty is, of course, to see it. The lifting is easy enough.



L. RAVEN-HILL.

## THE WORM TURNS.

*Misguided Waits (of slender repertoire but vast persistence). "Noël! Noël! No-él!" Saturnine Householder. "Isn't there? If I come down to you I'll make you alter your opinion!"*

## CHARIVARIA.

A WAG, last week, affixed to the railings of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's house a placard bearing the inscription, "No more hands wanted." Nothing was said about heads.

*The Daily Mail* is cheaper than ever. It is now being controlled by a Baron, without any extra charge whatever.

A complaint reaches us from a recently-

made Knight which strikes us as not being unreasonable. Our correspondent points out that when he signs letters, &c. there is nothing to indicate that he is a Knight, and suggests that it would be a welcome reform were all of his rank to append the title "Sir" to their signatures.

It has been calculated that, during the recent spell of foggy weather in London, 57,615 drivers of vehicles asked a like number of other persons similarly employed where they were coming to, and

that only in a very small percentage of cases did the answers give satisfaction.

At Billingsgate the fog was so dense that a drunken man lurched into a coffee-tavern.

And, in the neighbourhood of Wormwood Scrubs, a respectable citizen hailed a passing omnibus, which stopped for him, and it was only when a door closed that he discovered he was in a vehicle vulgarly called a Black Maria. Efforts to obtain his release are now on foot.

An interesting attempt to disperse the fog was made in Sloane Square. A German band played there for over half-an-hour.

The announcement that a miniature zoological garden will shortly be established by the London County Council at Golders Hill is supposed to be responsible for the rumour, current last week, that the County Hall was to be erected there. One sees how the error arose, but it is none the less regrettable.

A motor-omnibus caught fire in St. Martin's Lane last week. The old vehicles certainly used to be disagreeably cold in winter.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has obtained three months' imprisonment for a woman who persistently bullied and nagged her child. Once again, nothing is being done for husbands.

The *Chemnitzer Allgemeine Zeitung*, whose enterprise we admire, is the first to inform us that Great Britain is about to make war on the Ashantis in order to obtain possession of their golden throne. It is just possible, however, now that the vile scheme has been exposed, that nothing more will be heard of it.

It is, we hear, possible that the General Election will not, after all, take place in the first week in January. There is just a chance that *The Daily Mail* General Election may not be concluded by then.

A charitable lady is said to be raising a fund to give a dinner on Christmas Day to strap-hangers.

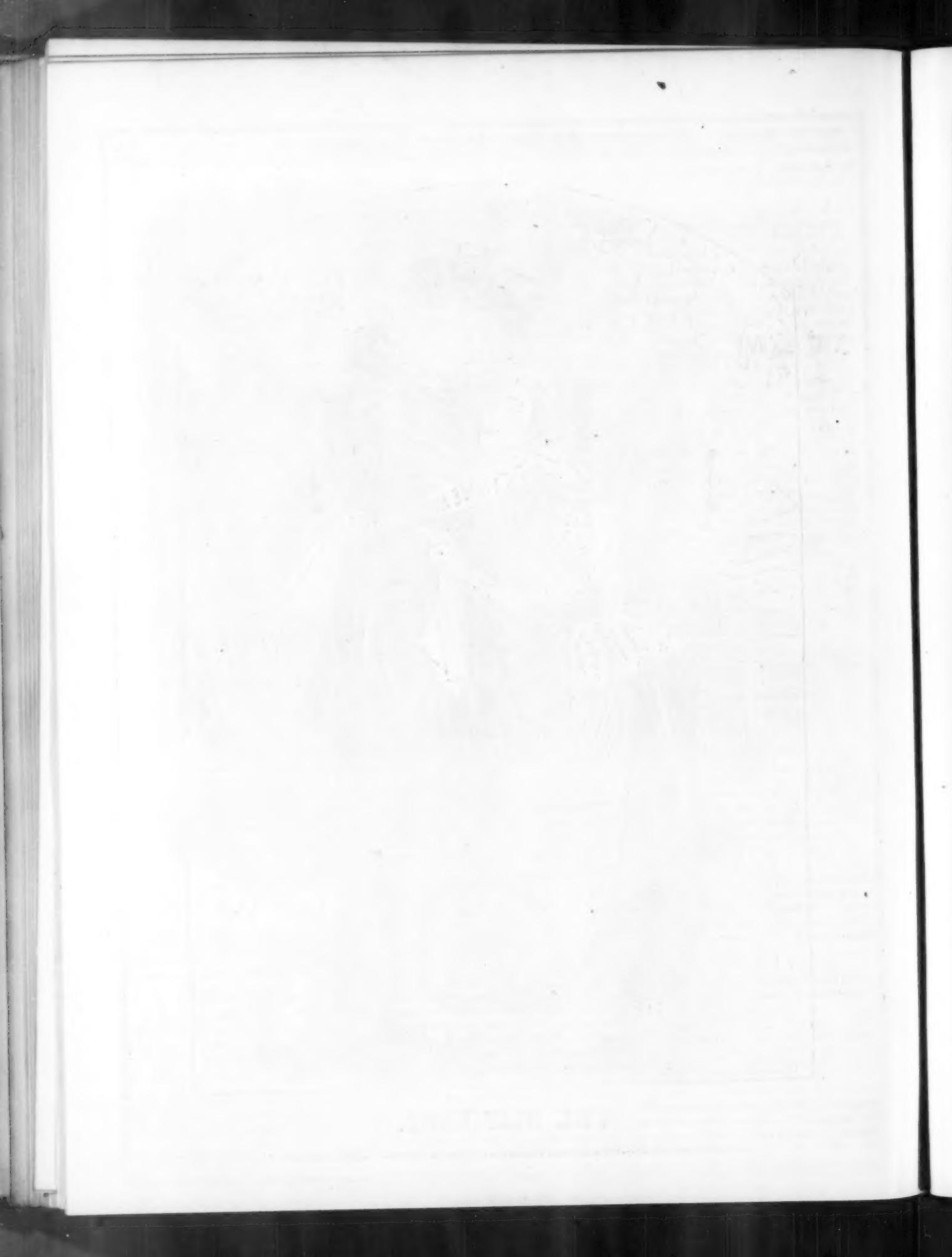
Motor-mask parties are the latest novelty in entertaining. The effect of a room filled with goggleywogs is said to be most bizarre.

The statement that Mr. HALL CAINE's constituents are showing discontent at his absence from their island is denied by Mr. CAINE's agent.



### THE SLIP-KNOT.

(After the late Sir John Everett Millais' well-known picture "The Huguenot.")





*Hostess.* "AND DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE?"

*Visitor.* "WELL, YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN GETTING RATHER STOUTER LATELY, AND IT'S SUCH A COMFORT TO KNOW THAT I REALLY HAVE NO BODY!"

#### GOVERNMENT BY MOTORITY.

ACTING on the suggestion made by Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH in *The Daily Mail* that motor-owners who are being asked by Parliamentary candidates for the loan of their cars during the forthcoming Election should guarantee to take joint action to alter the unfair legislation that now controls the liberty of automobiles and thus put the industry in England on the same footing as that in France, a gentleman has sent to a "political friend" the following letter, which he hopes may be useful in promoting further "joint action."

DEAR SIR.—In reply to your request I regret to say that, although fully recognising that at least 25 motor-cars are essential to the success of any electoral contest, I cannot lend you even that small number without requiring you to give me an undertaking to sup-

port certain reasonable measures of which I happen to have a rough draft in my pocket.

I was formerly in the habit of lending automobiles to every man who said he was "blue," without exacting any pledge as to how he would vote if elected, although in some cases, especially in Ireland, there was considerable risk of the varnish on a new car getting scratched; but would you believe what happened? An M.P., who was simply motored into his seat by one of my cars, afterwards had the audacity—not to mention bad taste—actually to say in the House that he approved of some limit being placed on the speed of motors when driven on public roads! I was in the Speaker's Gallery at the time and simply stood aghast. Did this gentleman stop to consider, before using such rash and intemperate language, the effect it might have on the business of undertakers?—a grand industry in

France, but already languishing here through our short-sighted policy.

Now, Sir, I am not going to be duped in this sort of way any more, so unless you are prepared to give me the above-mentioned pledge (of which I will forward you a form on receipt of 6*l.* in stamps), I must reluctantly leave you to flounder outside Westminster Palace without attempting your motor-curricular rescue.

Yours affectionately,

MERCEDES.

P.S.—Mercedem qui meruit ferat.

THE Berlin correspondent of *The Daily Mail* announces the following important item of international news:—

"Frisco Kid, the champion boot-polisher, whose great aim in life is to polish the boots of crowned heads, has arrived here from London."

"Uneasy," we are told, "lies the head that wears a crown;" but far, far uneasier must lie the head that wears a boot as well.

**"C.-B.," PREMIER.**

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

PLEASANT to note cordial reception with which C.-B. is greeted on accession to office. Political friends and foes applaud his Cabinet-making. All he does is well done. Happy send-off for a new Premier.

'Twas not always thus. Those who have dwelt in House of Commons these last six years have pained memories of quite other things. When at Reform Club meeting at opening of Session of 1899 C.-B. had the Leadership pressed upon him by belated Liberal Party, it was a proof not only of high esteem of business capacity, but of exceptional personal popularity. Those who knew him in private life justly regarded him as an ideal Leader of the Party in the circumstances of the hour. Courteous yet canny, long schooled in politics and Parliament, suffused with mellow humour and the gift of expressing it in happy phrase, he seemed the very man for the place.

He gave early testimony of insight when, acknowledging the unanimity that marked his election and the enthusiasm attendant on his acceptance of the thankless office, he insisted, as an essential condition of success in the arrangement, that the Leader of the Party really must be allowed to show the way. Enthusiastic Liberals cheered this novel sentiment. Before the Session had closed, C.-B. on at least one memorable occasion found his authority openly flouted. The Party divided in the face of the common enemy, marching in sections into opposite lobbies.

Beyond ever-seething revolt in his own Party C.-B. has, through his term of Leadership, been hampered by quite unusual hostility displayed towards him by Right Hon. Gentlemen on the Front Bench opposite. PRINCE ARTHUR in particular gleefully seized opportunity of belittling the authority of the Leader of the Opposition. The cue was promptly taken by Ministerialists on back benches and below the Gangway. The manner was adopted by Ministerial organs in the London Press.

C.-B. faced the conspiracy with a quiet dignity and unruffled patience that would have disarmed more generous assailants. He winced once last Session when, on his misreading with comic effect a word of his written speech, the Right Hon. Gentlemen seated opposite broke forth in boisterous laughter. For the most part he passed unnoticed the jeering references—PRINCE ARTHUR here again frequently striking the note—levelled at his habit of carefully preparing in MS. his more important speeches.

Whilst these things happened in the House of Commons, in Printing House

Square, in Fleet Street and its precincts, C.-B. was conscious of being buttressed by support of Liberals throughout the country. Having the advantage of perspective, they formed a juster view of his actual proportions. He is Premier by choice rather of the sturdy Provinces than of the fickle Metropolis. Now that he has come into his own, both applaud success achieved by sterling capacity, unfaltering courage, unflinching political honesty.

In the first Session of a new Parliament we shall find C.-B. blooming amid



THE TRIUMPH OF C.-B.

circumstances wholly different from those patiently endured during six years of probation. Having uncomplainingly, doggedly, made his way through the bleak winter of Opposition, his constitutionally genial nature will expand in the sunshine of prosperity that awaits his return to the familiar scene at Westminster.

**May it be Averted!**

In *The Daily Mail* of December 11 there was a paragraph to the effect that a possibility existed of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE with his entire company visiting Germany next April. It was not stated that the performances would commence on the first of that month. But is it not the best policy for England that all Englishmen should refrain from acting in any manner that might admit of a wrongful interpretation? Why do anything in any way to irritate the Germans? Let Mr. TREE, our ever-green Christmas Tree, reconsider the matter, and promote brotherly feeling between the two nationalities by remaining, and giving us the pleasure of his company, at H.M.'s Theatre, Haymarket.

**CHRISTMAS CRACKERS AND CARDS.**

WHERE THOMAS — beg pardon, we should say TOM — comes out extra well this year with his Crackers for Christmas is with his Table Decorations. Of course anything Japanese must be very popular just now, and however business-like TOM SMITH's designs may be for drawing on purchasers' purses his Jap designs are most fancifully original. "Bridge" too is archly presented, while the Calendar Crackers combine utility with ornament, and the *Quick Change* specimens are fascinatingly attractive! TOM's Christmas stockings are enormous! They are meant for the very biggest calves; or, each one of them might be used as offering retirement to some hundreds of Midsummer Nights' fairies after a Christmas Night's festivity.

McCAW, STEVENSON AND ORR apparently take the place of MARCUS WARD, and keep the old reputation up to its high standard with a Poetical Calendar charmingly designed, and full of poetical reminders, very interesting. Quite a short cut to the poets. ERNEST NISTER is, to this present Xmas Xaminer, a new name. Congratulations to him on his most artistic calendars.

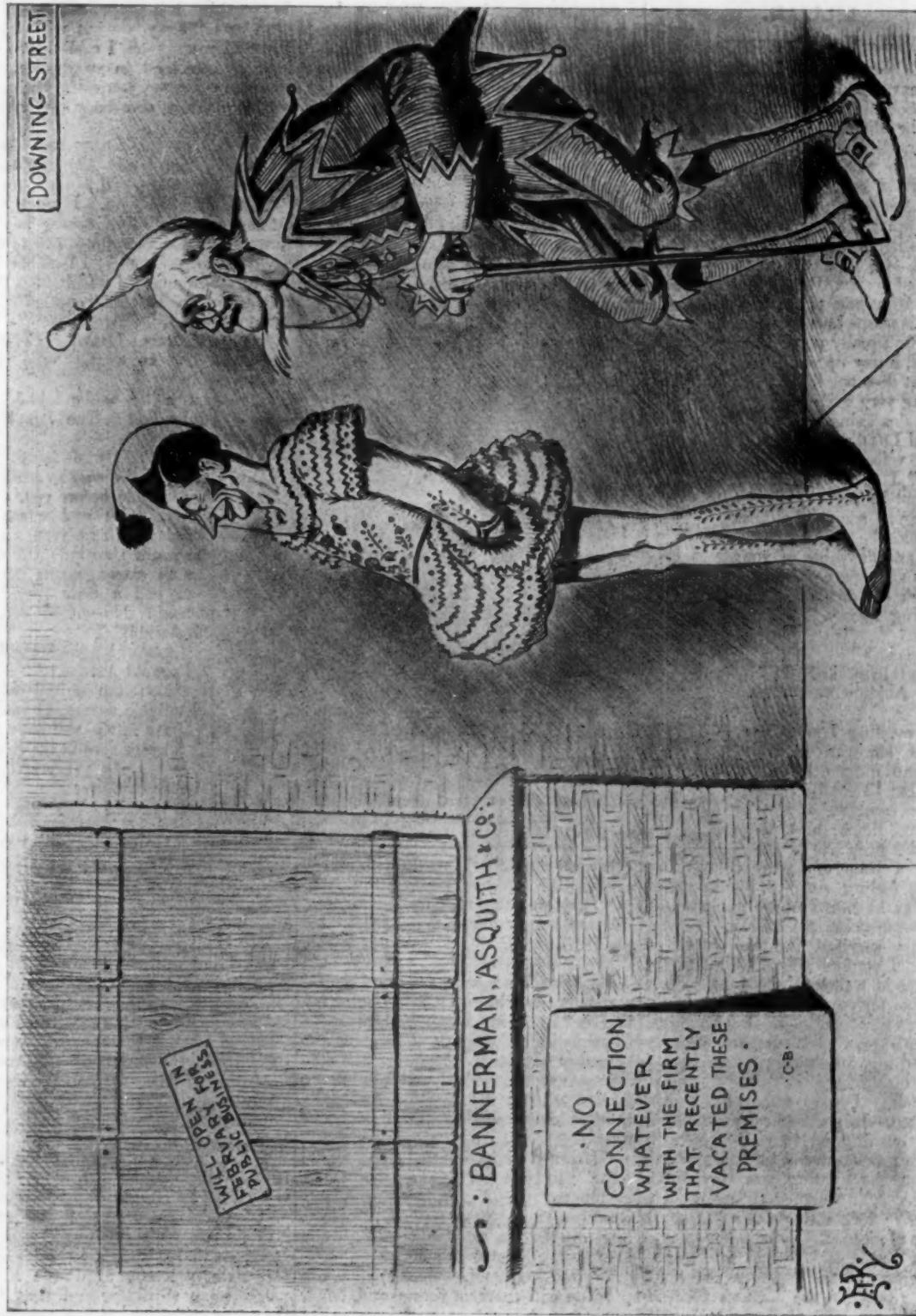
The man in the street, *L'Homme à la rue* (shall we say rightly or wrongly?) will find the *De la Rue* pocket-books of all sorts and sizes as serviceable as ever. By the way *L'Homme à la rue* won't be a purchaser; he will only regard them with appreciation through the shop window, but the public will step in. And of all the other pocket-books, whose shall we indicate as appearing, at least to us, as most serviceable? It sounds, or looks, as if we didn't mean it when we give the name of their publisher and say—"WALKER!"

**An Unconsidered Trifle.**

HAPPENING to be looking over Sir GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN'S *Interludes* the Baron de B.-W., while renewing his acquaintance with "HORACE at Athens," was struck by the following lines, so appropriate to this season when pantomime is upon us:

Like the clown  
Who lies with fiendish craft athwart the floor,  
Then knocks at some innocuous tradesman's  
door.

Now, marvellously acrobatic as the most modern clowns may be, the Baron ventures to defy anyone of them while "lying athwart the floor" to knock at a door,—that is, in the ordinary acceptation of "knocking at a door," even with his heels. It recalls that famous impossibility of a sentinel "lying prone" and keeping his eyes fixed on the stars.



Joey. "Oh! I say, Arthur! Won't we just have jolly times with their windows when they get the shop open? I've got my pockets full of chestnuts to shy at 'em!"  
 Pantaloons. "So have I, Joey!"

## LILLIAN.

## VIII.—THE CHIROPODIST.

"THE Great Annual Rummage Sale and Bazaar," said LILLIAN, "will be held in the Schools on Thursday evening, under the distinguished patronage of the Vicar, Miss MALLEY, Mrs. JOHN MARGETT (who won't be there, luckily), Mrs. ARTHUR MEADOWES, Miss —— oh, I forgot the rest."

"Do you really come second on the list, or is it just side?" I asked.

"Alas, it's alphabetical. As a distinguished patron, DICK, I feel bound to ask you what you propose to do to help us on this auspicious occasion."

"I hadn't really proposed anything."

"Well, hurry up and begin."

"What does one do at a Bazaar? You can't sing very well——"

"You don't sing very well," corrected LILLIAN.

"My voice may be untrained," I said, "but it has power, not to say volume. I can give you some old clothes of ARTHUR's."

"Do, and anything of your own you can spare. And try and think of some other way of making money. It's for cassocks."

"Cassocks?"

"Or is it hassocks? I really forget. Anyhow they want a lot."

That evening I went over ARTHUR's summer wardrobe, and found quite a lot of old things that he couldn't really have been keen on—except for the associations, and there must have been lots of those.

I made a heap of them without any remorse, feeling sure of his approval as soon as he heard of the noble object in view—cassocks, or hassocks. I mean one *must* sacrifice for the cause of charity. I confess that I did hesitate for a time at a flannel suit (grey with a light blue stripe); but I had certainly never seen him wear it since his marriage, and ante-nuptial garments are unlucky or something, aren't they? Anyhow, I got him on the list.

Of course I gave some of my own things too. In particular I remember a pair of evening socks, very fine, with open work down the front. (I may say here that the bidding was very brisk for these, JOHN CLAYTON securing them eventually for threepence.) Also I thought of an idea.

"It's just this," I said to LILLIAN. "I'm going to tell fortunes. Observe Professor FORTUNO, the Famous Chiropodist. Séances, 3d. Ordinary aunts, 2d. Children Half Price."

"I say, that's rather a thought."

"I shall disguise myself in a long beard, and you can erect me a little tent in a corner of the room."

"Right you are. I'll tell Conn." Conn is not only a churchwarden, but also a handy man with the adze, being by birth a carpenter.

"Yes, do. By the way," I added, "did you ever see ARTHUR in a flannel suit—grey with a light blue stripe?"

"Grey with a —— Isn't that the new one he was so proud of?"

"Oh, is it?"

"I think so. He bought it at the very end of the season for that garden party, and only wore it once. Yes, of course. Why?"

"I knew I hadn't seen him in it often," I murmured.

"Grey, I think, suits ARTHUR, don't you?"

"Oh, I didn't come for that. What do you think has happened?"

"I'm telling you what will happen. You will marry—oh, I said that. I see land, pasture land, in your palm. You are not a farmer yourself. Then perhaps you know somebody of the name of MEADOWES?"

"Dick, stop it. GRACE and ARTHUR are here. And I saw ARTHUR's flannel suit on the auction stall."

"Oh lord!" I said. I got up and sat down again. "Of course you told ARTHUR that I'd gone up to town for the day? H'sh, look out." I took her hand again. "An aunt," I said loudly, "who will die in an Eastern country." And ARTHUR entered.

"Is that yours, LILLIAN? I didn't know you had an aunt. Who is the Professor?"

"Are you going to be told? How splendid! The left hand's best."

I took ARTHUR's hand. The future was easy to read. "I see trouble before you. Disappointment and wrath are written. Great vexation will be yours shortly. There will be an estrangement between you and a dear friend. A friend? No—no—it is surely a relation."

LILLIAN laughed suddenly. "Poor old ARTHUR!"

"You are gifted with a charitable nature," I went on. "Quite lately you have made great sacrifices in the cause of charity. As yet you do not realise how great."

I peered into his hand again.

"I can see no more," I said. "Except that there is this trouble before you. The rest is—blank."

My next visitor was ETHEL WILLEY, and then I had a brilliant idea.

"It is decreed," I said, taking her hand, "that you will do a work of great kindness in the immediate future."

"But I wanted the past," she said.

"The past is past," I said, impatiently. "Let us leave it there. Now do attend carefully to the prophet." Whereupon I gave her most careful instructions. "Do be a dear and do it for me," I implored. "There's the auction bell. Run."

I had told ARTHUR that there was trouble ahead, and the rest was blank; but when he caught sight of his best suit on the auction stall he started straight off with the blank part. He stood there beginning all sorts of inarticulate protests, until the bidding reached ten shillings, and then GRACE drew his attention to the practical, if expensive, way.



Mr. Turkey-Gobbler. "PON MY WORD! THESE FEATHERLESS PICTURES ARE POSITIVELY INDELICATE! I SHALL CERTAINLY FORBID MY CHILDREN TO COME ROUND HERE!"

"What does the Vicar do with all the clothes?" I asked anxiously.

"They put the best up for auction, and the others have a fixed price," explained LILLIAN.

Mr. Conn is a worthy man and a good carpenter; but he was a fool to label my tent as "Professor FORTUNO, the Famous Chiropodist," though it does show the spread of education. However, the mistake was soon remedied, and I did much good work for the cause. Personally I must have made several hassocks myself.

Of course I hoped that LILLIAN would come in to have her fortune told, and I meant to give her a good one, too. However, it never came off properly. She dashed in suddenly with, "Oh, Dick, what do you think?"

I seized her hand.

"You will marry a young and handsome man of the name of RICHARD," I began, quickly. "You will have ——"

"Twelve shillings," he growled.

"Thirteen," said a voice.

"Twenty," said ARTHUR.

"Thirty."

"Two pounds."

"Two ten."

"Confound it," said ARTHUR, "there's somebody running me up on purpose because she knows I want it. Three."

"Guineas."

"I won't be cheated. I won't go a penny further. I won't—

"Going for three guineas!"

"Four pounds," shouted ARTHUR, "and I'll talk to somebody about this."

LILLIAN and Miss WILLEY came into my tent.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. DICK," said Miss WILLEY, "I was just going to get it for ten shillings, when some man started bidding against me. And you said I wasn't to go more than three pounds."

"Oh help. What will ARTHUR say?"

"ARTHUR was the man," said LILLIAN, beginning to laugh.

I glared at her.

"Why ever didn't you stop Miss WILLEY then? You knew she didn't know all the—er—the circumstances of the case—"

"I couldn't. I was laughing too much."

"Laughing!" I said bitterly. "It was your duty to—"

LILLIAN sat down and shook with laughter.

"It was," she said between shakes, "my duty—as a patron—as a distinguished patron—to help—the cause—of charity."

"Wait till I get my beard off," said the Chiropodist.

#### ALL ABOUT THE NEW CABINET.

(Reprinted from "In the Know.")

At this moment, when it is impossible to be told too much about the members of the new Cabinet, the following particulars concerning some of them cannot fail to be interesting.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is scrupulously careful in his attire. It was noticed when he called on the KING last week that he had not forgotten his coat or omitted to lace his boots. He has never been known to walk down Pall Mall wearing only one spat, however strong the temptation may have been.

He uses a tortoiseshell comb, and prefers BEETHOVEN to WAGNER. In matters of gastronomy he has his own opinion, but the statement that he eats a Haggis every Saturday night is unfounded. Before he took the name of BANNERMAN he was never known as C.B.; although now even the policemen on duty in the House call him nothing else. The nickname originated with one of our wittiest M.P.'s.

#### MR. JOHN MORLEY

is generally considered to be the most intellectual member of the new Cabinet, although there is a difference of opinion as to the precise meaning of the word. He is one of the few members who are not Scotch, and his features are easily distinguishable from those of both Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. JOHN BURNS. Mr. MORLEY rarely plays golf when in Opposition; it remains to be seen what he will do in Office. He knows India like a book, but was quite ready to be the Chancellor of Exchequer if necessary. Mr. MORLEY may be seen riding in the Park every morning on a short cobby-built nag named *Pongo*. He uses a J pen and Indian ink.

#### MR. JOHN BURNS

is the first Labour Member to enter the Cabinet. Few of his fellow Ministers are better known, and none hit harder in the nets in Battersea Park. Mr. BURNS dresses in blue serge and a grey beard. At the time of his summons to the PREMIER's house he was at work on a scheme to convert the L.C.C. steamers into motor omnibuses. This must now stand over for the present. Mr. BURNS strikes a heavy blow, and rarely gets his umbrella stolen. His favourite flower is the little fragile wood-anemone, the wind-flower of the poets. He eats heartily. Mr. BURNS is thinking of giving up Bridge now that he has so many new duties, but so much pressure is being brought to bear upon him that he may change his mind.

#### MR. JAMES BRYCE,

who is perhaps the ablest Irish Secretary since Mr. GERALD BALFOUR, has been long before the public as a climber and publicist, but this is his first serious attempt to rule the country which gave him his admirable brogue. A man of medium height, he has read much. His interest in life is wide and vivid, and pickled walnuts, he has been often heard by eavesdroppers to declare, have more fitness with cold mutton than cold pheasant. Mr. BRYCE dresses simply in clothes. No member of the new Cabinet spends so much money on hansom, and few have a wider knowledge of Esperanto. He is sixty-seven.

#### LORD ROSEBERY

is not in the Cabinet.



TIME—Christmas Day.

*Beneficent, but somewhat deaf old Gent. "Ha, THERE GO THE DEAR OLD CHURCH BELLS, RINGING OUT THEIR MESSAGE OF CHARITY AND GOODWILL TO ALL MANKIND!"*

#### SIR EDWARD GREY

is not really grey, except in name. He is still a young man, although older than Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. His title came not from journalistic enterprise or the promotion of music-hall companies, but was inherited; in other words, he is a baronet, thus giving the lie to the old adage, "All cats are grey at Knight." Sir EDWARD is fond of fishing, and has now and then caught something. He breakfasts usually at nine, but on occasion, when, for example, he has to catch a train, can be earlier. Being a Director of a great Railway Company he is rarely asked for his ticket. His favourite colour is blue, and he always says that pure Latakia is too strong for steady smoking. In all other respects he is a model English gentleman.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"BRAYVO, THACK, my boy!" quoth the merry ANDREW ARCEDECKNE, addressing WILLIAM MAKEPEACE after the great novelist's first lecture on the *Four Georges*. "Brayvo, THACK, my boy! First-rate! Why don't you follow 'em up with the Two CHARLIES, the Eight 'ENRIES, and the Sixteen GREGORIES?" And to Mr. JOHN LONG, who has just published among *The Carlton Classics* a clearly printed, quite pocketable, and therefore companionable, edition of THACKERAY'S *Four Georges*, the Baron makes a suggestion similar to ANDREW ARCEDECKNE'S. Give us many standard works in this handy and inexpensive form.

Mr. HERBERT PAUL devotes a considerable portion of his *Life of Froude* (PITMAN) to the scarifying of FREEMAN, who pursued with bitter acrimony the successive literary efforts of his brother historian. Whenever FROUDE added a chapter to his *History*, or contributed an article to a periodical, be sure FREEMAN was down upon him with pen dipped in gall. He was largely responsible for establishing the charge of inaccuracy which still attaches to FROUDE'S work. "I do not suppose," he wrote in one of a long series of assaults in the congenial columns of *The Saturday Review*, "that Mr. Froude wilfully misrepresents anything. The fault seems to be inherent and incurable. He does not know what historical truth is, or how a man should set about looking for it . . . His book is not written with that regard for truth with which a book ought to be written." That is plain speech, perilously approaching libel. My Baronite only half wonders what would have happened to FREEMAN had he been brought into court before Mr. Justice DARLING and a special jury approaching the average of intelligence. Having effectively disposed of FREEMAN, Mr. PAUL himself takes FROUDE in hand, and in language less coarse, not therefore less effective, sides with the assailant. "FROUDE," he writes, "was an advocate rather than a Judge. He held so strongly the correctness of his own views and the importance of having a right judgment in all things, that he sometimes gave undue prominence to the facts which supported his theory." When FROUDE, having completed his *History of England*, turns his gaze across the Channel, his biographer's flail falls with increasing severity. Mr. PAUL writes: "The book is really an Orange Manifesto. Such works have their purpose and FROUDE'S is an unusually eloquent specimen of its class. But they are not history." Thus was FREEMAN justified of his criticism. Had he had the opportunity of tasting both doses FROUDE would probably have preferred the *Saturday Reviewer* to his biographer. It is to Mr. PAUL'S credit that he is not influenced in passing judgment upon the subject of his biography by the parental fondness of the biographer. This stern quality increases the value of the study, and adds piquancy to a valuable addition to the personal history of literature.

It was a great pleasure to read, and it is as great a pleasure to recommend to everyone, an historical romance so simply told and so thoroughly interesting as *The Idol of the King*, by Captain CURTIES (HUTCHINSON & CO.). The King is GEORGE THE THIRD, who, when Prince of WALES, loved HANNAH LIGHTFOOT the Quakeress, "to whom" (the Baron is quoting THACKERAY) "they say he was actually married (though I don't know who has ever seen the register)." For HANNAH our author, who "wishes it to be distinctly understood that he does not vouch for the historical accuracy of all he here describes," substitutes a perfectly charming heroine, *Miss Olivia Everett*, of Old Walsingham Grange, a true gentlewoman of ancient lineage, staunch to the old faith at a time when to profess and practise it was to incur the greatest

possible risks. With her the PRINCE fell in love at first sight, as did she with him. Their marriage was indeed a veritable love-match. On this basis of probability our author, following the example of Sir WALTER SCOTT in his historical novels, builds up a touching romance. Probably the old Norfolk family, of which Captain CURTIES is a member, has in its possession a store of most interesting documents that may serve him for another novel as interesting as this.

*Interludes*, "being three essays and some verses by HORACE SMITH" (MACMILLAN & CO.). The Baron reading these three chattily-written essays has come across several good old stories, but he gives the palm to such new ones as are of the worthy magistrate's own personal experience.

Some time ago there was published, in bulky volumes necessitated by the long record, the autobiography of Sir HENRY KEPPEL, Admiral of the Fleet. Sir ALGERNON WEST, brother-in-law of the old sailor lately paid off, has supplemented the statelier frigate by something in the shape of a brisk and handy cutter. *Harry Keppel* (SMITH, ELDER) is a memoir including the later years of the typical British sailor of whom Her Majesty Queen VICTORIA spoke as "my beloved little Admiral, best and bravest of men." Born when GEORGE THE THIRD was King, and having held commission on the active list of the Navy under four Sovereigns, KEPPEL lived to see his affectionate friend EDWARD THE SEVENTH crowned in Westminster Abbey. With light touch Sir ALGERNON WEST brings the personality of a simple-hearted yet capable man home to the reader who knew him only by name. He shrinks from attempt to define "that nameless magic, that infection of geniality" which made HARRY KEPPEL equally attractive to his Sovereign and his midshipmen. Happily he makes it clear enough in the pages of his book. The earlier history recording KEPPEL'S gun-room days vividly recalls the experience and adventure of *Midshipman Easy* and *Percival Keene*. Thirty-three years ago, when he was in command at Plymouth, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD was his Flag Lieutenant. My Baronite notes many points of resemblance between the young 'un and the old 'un. Beyond the Flag Lieutenant, now Vice-Admiral, the type is almost extinct.

*Kitty and the Viscount*, by MULVY OUSELEY (GAY AND BIRD), is a novel that the Baron may (under reservation) recommend as a fairly interesting story that might have been really good, had the construction of the plot been reconsidered, and the style of writing very carefully edited. To believe that a stranger, introduced by the secretary of a West-End swell-mobsman's Club to its members, should, at his very first visit, be taken aside by one of the biggest criminals present and be fully confided in, is so improbable as at once to upset the entire scheme. The introduction of the man who ought to have been *Kitty's* husband is awkwardly managed. Yet has the Baron a good word for the equivocal *Kitty* and her Varying *Viscount*.

The Baron DE BOOK-WORMS begs to announce that during this Christmas season he is giving his Baronite, his Retainers generally, and himself, an entire holiday. On the re-opening of the office, after the holidays, in the second week of the New Year, "Business will be carried on as usual."

